

WM. C. WHITNEY DEAD

SULLY GETS OUT, PANIC IN COTTON, AND PRICES DROP

Rates Fall \$7.05 a Bale on Some Deliveries and the Frenzied Traders Seem to Fear that the Worst of the Story Is Yet to Be Told by Those Who Were Caught.

BULL LEADER WHO HAS CLEARED \$15,000,000 SAYS HE'LL TAKE A REST.

TREMENDOUS DROP IN COTTON, AS SHOWN BY FIGURES ON EXCHANGE

The following table shows the drop in prices of cotton on the Exchange to-day:

	Per pound.	Points.	Decline, per bale.
March fell to.....	16.40 cents	91	\$4.55
May.....	16.40 cents	91	4.55
June.....	16.40 cents	104	5.20
July.....	16.52 cents	87	4.35
August.....	15.00 cents	67	3.35

The cotton market went to pieces this afternoon. When traders were at the craziest pitch of their lives Daniel Sully announced that he was through with the game; that he needed a long rest and would begin a long vacation on Saturday next. It is estimated that he will take away with him about \$15,000,000 in profits.

That is what the greatest bull leader of this generation has cleaned up after raids which have no parallel in commercial history. That is the amount of money that this young man from Providence, who, less than a year ago, was unknown in New York, and whose name to-day is known the world round, can lie back with and take his ease.

Sully raked the market to-day fore and aft. He poured broadside after broadside into the hulls of the craft struggling against him in the wild sea of trading on the floor of the Cotton Exchange and they knew not whence the thousands and thousands of bales of the commodity were coming from. Where they stand now they have not the slightest idea. Prices dropped as much in some deliveries as \$7.05 a bale. There is a panty feeling in the ranks of those who pitted themselves against the Napoleon of manipulators. Where it will end no one can yet say.

All that could be gotten from Sully after he had made his sensational announcement was this:

"I need a rest. I intend to go away Saturday and I shall take a good, long vacation. I think I have earned it."

Where he will go no one but himself knows.

SOLD THOUSANDS OF BALES.

Sully sold his holdings to-day through brokers unknown on the market. Thousands and thousands of bales were dumped into the trading maelstrom and chasers were sent everywhere to find out who was unloading. That some of it belonged to Sully was taken for granted, but never for a moment was it thought that he was selling everything he had.

"It's just another profit taking break," was said when a slump of sixty points marked the downward movement.

That was the conclusion market sharps came to when convinced they could not find out who was unloading. It was simply another manipulation of the bull clique which Sully headed. They thought that when they had cleaned up what they wanted then the Sullyites would buy back again at the low prices to which they had forced the market and the wheel would be sent whirling around again for another rise.

March cotton was the first to go off from the prices of yesterday—the highwater mark that it is not believed will be reached again in another thirty years.

Ninety-one points was the drop for March. That meant \$4.55 a bale. May slumped for as many dollars and cents; June, \$5.20 a bale; July, \$4.35, and August, \$3.35. No one knew when it would stop. It seemed that every one on the floor was selling and that there were few if any buyers.

May bumped the hardest when it went down \$7.05 a bale. That was a drop of 125 points. There was a rally and when the end of the fight came the price had been forced up 21 points.

Ordinarily a one-dollar margin during the heaviest trading is enough to see fifteen minutes out of an hour. To-day a \$5-margin was no more than a drop in the bucket.

The cotton exports to-day were worth \$4,900,000. They consisted of \$1,500 bales. The next record over this is 100,000 bales.

It is estimated that Sully sold to-day between 300,000 and 400,000 bales. He has jockeyed this for weeks and sold some of it as many as four times. When the market closed it was called steady, and these were the prices that obtained:

February, 16.90 to 16.00; March, 16.19 to 16.20; April, 16.36 to 16.40; May, 16.57 to 16.58; June, 16.57 to 16.59; July, 16.65 to 16.66; August, 16.17 to 16.18; September, 14.00 to 14.02; October, 12.85 to 12.87; November, none; December, 12.40 to 12.80.

BIG DROP IN NEW ORLEANS.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 2.—The cotton market showed a nervous tone to-day, although it was evident that the bulls were in control. Liverpool cables caused a break of from 15 to 40 points. Scalpers bought freely, absorbing heavy offerings, and prices showed a quick recovery to within about 10 points of yesterday's close. Small breaks and bulges followed each other rapidly. March at the lowest sold 38 points lower than the close of yesterday; May was 39 lower, at 17.44, and July 27 points lower.

IN ICY WATERS TO SAVE A MAN

Henry Herman Leaped Into the East River and Battled with the Ice to Reach John Gerrity.

NEARLY LOST HIS OWN LIFE BY DARING ACTION.

A Rope Was Tied Around Him, but He Was Nearly Dead When Pulled Ashore—Gerrity Was Drowned.

Henry Herman, forty years old, who works for the city in the Street Cleaning Department, almost gave his life to-day to save John E. Gerrity, a coal heaver, from drowning in the East river. When he was pulled ashore from the ice-packed water he was exhausted and only the most heroic treatment resuscitated him.

Herman was working at the foot of East Eighty-second street when he heard the wild cries of a man come from the tide of ice that was rushing by like a mill race. Brinkman saw that there was no chance to save the man at this point so he ran down the river front to Eightieth street. There he saw Patrick Hynes throw a rope to the man in the river, but the latter was so benumbed that he could make no effort to grab it.

Tying the cable round his body and giving the other end to Hynes, Herman jumped into the stream. Gerrity had by this time become blocked in the ice. But fast as he was Herman was just too late to rescue him. Gerrity sank from sight. When then Herman dived through the broken ice repeatedly in an effort to reach Gerrity. He was unsuccessful and the body was not found. When Herman was pulled ashore he was benumbed. Much brandy and rubbing was necessary to revive him. Gerrity fell into the river while working on a barge in the Brinkman coal yards at the foot of East Eighty-second street.

NEW YORK II. IS WINNER OF FOURTH

Favorites Take the First Four Races at New Orleans and the Bookmakers' Rolls Are Diminished.

THE WINNERS.

FIRST RACE—Duelist (2 to 1) 1, Typhonic (15 to 1) 2, Ralph Young 3.

SECOND RACE—McWilliams (2 to 1) 1, Burning Glass (9 to 2) 2, Leviathan 3.

THIRD RACE—Scorpio (7 to 10) 1, Sadducee (7 to 2) 2, Rouse 3.

FOURTH RACE—New York II. (6 to 5) 1, Over Again (5 to 2) 2, Parisienne 3.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Feb. 2.—A prominent layer is said to be under suspicion in connection with Jockey Higgins's suspension. This bookmaker is said to have laid against Port Royal the day Higgins rode the Street horse to defeat and bet on the horse the next time he started and won. Startling developments are anticipated in this case. The track was in fair shape to-day. The weather was made to order for outdoor sport and the best crowd seen at the track this year turned out. Big Ben received such a hard race yesterday that his owner declined to send the big sprinter after Scorpio in the third race to-day.

WEATHER FORECAST.

Forecast for the thirty-six hours ending at 8 P. M. Wednesday, for New York City and vicinity:—Rising temperature with fair to-night, followed by light snow in the early morning; Wednesday light snow and warmer, followed by clearing and colder Wednesday night; fresh to brisk east to south winds; shifting to west.

RICKARD BOYS CALL HER GRACE?

Mrs. Mowbray Admits Visitors Accused by Peeping Husband Addressed Her by First Name Soon After Meeting.

MANY WITNESSES WILL BE CALLED TO TESTIFY.

Lively Contest Promised in Habeas Corpus Suit of Jealous Spouse Who Hid Under the Bed Five Hours.

Referee Nealls continued to take testimony to-day in the habeas corpus suit of Samuel H. Mowbray against his wife, Gertrude Ingersoll Townsend Mowbray, for the possession of their five-year-old boy Girard.

A mass of testimony will be taken in the case which hinges on statements and counter-statements of what Mr. Mowbray heard while reposing for five hours under the bed in a room adjoining a foyer where Mrs. Mowbray was entertaining the Rickard "boys" on the night of Jan. 6.

Benjamin Steinhardt, representing Mr. Mowbray, resumed his examination of the wife.

Mr. Steinhardt brought out that a mirror hung on the wall of the room where Mrs. Mowbray entertained her friends, evidently for the purpose of showing that Mowbray while under the bed could get a line on what was going on in the room.

Mrs. Mowbray testified that she first met Arthur Rickard (her caller on the night of Jan. 6) last September at the Grand Bonifata Hotel, Columbus avenue and One Hundred and Third street.

Mrs. Mowbray did not remember how long after Arthur Rickard had known her he called her "Grace." By Mr. Steinhardt:

Q. On the night of Jan. 6 he called you Grace? A. Yes. He began to call me Grace two months after he knew me.

Mr. Steinhardt recalled the night of Dec. 15 last, when the two Rickards called. Mr. Mowbray had a cold and went to bed. While in bed he is supposed to have heard what suggested the line of questioning.

"Did you say to Arthur Rickard after your sister and William Rickard went home: 'I am glad they have gone; now we can be comfortable?'"

"Was Mr. Mowbray in or under the bed on that occasion," interrupted lawyer Louis H. Porter, Mrs. Mowbray's counsel.

"It is immaterial," returned Mr. Steinhardt, "don't interrupt."

Q. Was there anything the matter with you that evening? A. I don't remember.

Q. Did you tell Mr. Rickard you had a plaster on? A. I don't remember.

Q. How did you get the plaster off? A. I don't remember. Maybe I pulled it off.

Q. Are you sure you didn't soak it off? A. No; I'm not sure how I got it off.

Q. What kind of a plaster was it? A. Either a Johnson's, a Smith or an Allop.

Q. Allop is an ale, not a porous plaster. A. I'll take your word; I never drank it.

An adjournment was taken until noon on Thursday.

George B. Campbell, of the law firm of Campbell, was arrested to-day on an order signed by Supreme Court Justice Dickey in an action brought against him by Charles F. Harris for \$10,000. He was released on bail. Harris was employed by Campbell on the latter's yacht Roamer as skipper and, with the steward of the yacht and a sailor, was arrested in Wilmington, Del., for mutiny and imprisoned fifty-seven days.

They were acquitted when tried and Harris paid damages.

SETH WILKS OPERATED ON FOR APPENDICITIS.

Ex-Assemblyman Seth Wilks, widely known among Republican politicians, underwent an operation for appendicitis at a sanitarium in East Thirty-third street this afternoon. His health has been poor for a year. It was announced after the operation that Mr. Wilks was doing well.

W. C. WHITNEY, WHO EXPIRED AT HIS HOME THIS AFTERNOON.



W. C. WHITNEY PHOTO BY MARK

FAMOUS FINANCIER CONSCIOUS TO END, DIED WITHOUT PAIN

Hurried Preparations Had Been Made for a Second Operation, Which the Patient Was Unable to Withstand—Recognized Danger and Bade Good-Bye to Relatives.

DIED UNDER THE ETHER, DESPITE THE DOCTORS' SKILL.

Day Had Begun with Slight Rally, but Soon After Noon He Sank Rapidly and Hurried Preparations Were Made for Last Vain Battle with Death.

William Collins Whitney died at 4 o'clock this afternoon at his residence, No. 871 Fifth avenue.

All hope of Mr. Whitney's recovery was given up at 3 o'clock when Drs. Bull, James, Walker and Poole examined the patient together.

It was thought that a second operation might save Mr. Whitney and plans for one were made, but the patient sank rapidly when put under the ether.

Harry Payne Whitney, his wife, Miss Dorothy Whitney and Miss Randolph were all at the bedside when Mr. Whitney passed away.

The end was painless.

Mr. Whitney was conscious until the last, and it is said bade farewell to the members of his family and to the physicians who have been so faithful in their attendance on him from the first.

DEATH KEPT SECRET AN HOUR.

The news of Mr. Whitney's death was kept secret for one hour. At 5 o'clock Mr. Whitney's secretary, Mr. Regan, appeared at the front door of the Whitney house and summoning all of the newspaper men to him said: "Gentlemen, I regret very much to have to announce that Mr. Whitney died at 4 o'clock."

Mr. Regan went back into the house at once.

The morning reports from the sick-chamber were of the most favorable kind. Mr. Whitney passed a better night than he had since Saturday, when the hurried operation was performed on him, and it was believed that he had a good chance to get well.

The bulletins issued officially by Dr. James were optimistic in their tone and there was general rejoicing among the hundreds of friends of the great financier.

It was said that the pain had almost entirely left Mr. Whitney and that he was resting quietly.

It was learned later that Mr. Whitney was under the influence of ether when he died.

The second operation, which had been considered, was not abandoned when Mr. Whitney began to sink, but was grasped at as a desperate and only chance to save the patient's life.

Mr. Whitney was told that he might not live through the operation, but expressed entire willingness to take the chance. He bade farewell to his son, Harry Payne Whitney, and to his daughter, Dorothy. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and her little daughter, Gladys, who were in the house, were also summoned to the sick room and said good-bye to Mr. Whitney.

The ether was then administered. This was at 3.30 o'clock. Dr. Bull stood by with his instruments ready to begin the operation, but it was seen at once that Mr. Whitney would never stand it. His breathing became more and more labored, and at 4 o'clock he passed away without recovering consciousness.

The first change for the worse came at 1 o'clock when Mr. Whitney had a sudden sinking spell.

The nurses were very much alarmed and Dr. James immediately sent out for Dr. Bull and the other distinguished physicians who have been assisting in the treatment of Mr. Whitney.

Mr. Whitney had repeated sinking spells and came out of each a little bit worse than before. Oxygen and stimulants were used on him, but he failed to respond to the treatment.

MR. WHITNEY'S CAREER A RECORD OF SUCCESS.

William Collins Whitney was the eighth of the American Whitneys, and, although his genius followed a different line than that of his ancestors, his life, like theirs, was filled with an overflowing measure of success. Like his progenitors, William C. Whitney fought for all he got. An indomitable energy, backed by natural gifts of a rare kind, brought him the prestige in

GIRL'S PICTURE WINS HIS HEART

Pretty Minnie Richter, Who Cared for Children Abandoned by the Mother, Has Offer of Marriage by Letter.

Miss Minnie, the pretty seventeen-year-old daughter of Charles Richter, the proprietor of the hotel at Jamaica, L. I., at which the two little Lloyd children were abandoned by their mother last week, has received an offer of marriage by letter from a man in New York whom she does not know.

He came to the letter that he saw her picture in the newspapers and that he read about her kindness to the deserted children. He was so much impressed by her picture and by her goodness of heart, he says, that he desired her to become his wife. He says she is well off and can provide a good home.

Miss Richter refuses to reveal the name of the man, but her mother expressed the conviction that he is an "old fool."

Father John's Medicine Cures Colds, Prevents Pneumonia. 50 years in use.